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PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

POLITICAL.

What a Whig Newspaper says.

The Tippecanoe Journal, published in Indi-

ana, which is one of the oldest whig papers in

that State, and always been devoted to the

cause of its party cannot follow its friends over

to the embrace of Mr. Calhoun and his follow-

ers. We copy the following from the paper re-

ferred to. Let the honest Whigs of Maine read

and ponder.

Gen. Taylor as the Whig Can-

didate for President.

As we have stated elsewhere, we cannot but

regard the nomination of General Taylor, by the

so-called Whig National Convention, re-

cently convened at Philadelphia, as a delibera-

te abandonment of principle by that body, and

as a direct insult offered to the intelligence and

virtue of the American people. In this opinion,

we make no doubt, we shall be silently if not

openly seconded, by the solemn convictions of

all honest and right thinking men, throughout

the length and breadth of the land. Do not

misunderstand us. We by no means expect to

see a general refusal by those who call them-

selves whigs, even in the North and North-west

to support the nominations. There are thou-

sands who, though convinced, have not moral

courage enough to assert their independence—

while there are thousands more, who have no

particular principles of their own, and who are

only held together by the "cohesive power of a

[a hope of] public plunder." These are the

"old Hunkers" of whiggery, and they are pre-

pared to make any sacrifice for Party, but none

for their Country. They, of course, will be for

General Taylor—and it is hardly too much to

add that they would have gone with equal alac-

city and earnestness, for the Prince of the Ne-

ther Regions himself, had the old gentleman re-

ceived the nomination in person, instead of its

falling upon one of his recruiting officers.

Our readers will have no difficulty in ascer-

taining our position in regard to the nomination.

We stand pledged to oppose it to the full

extent of our feeble abilities. We are impelled

to this course by a solemn sense of duty. Every

conviction of our judgment—every sentiment

and feeling of our heart—every better impulse

of our nature—demands that we be firm, decid-

ed, unswerving in this matter. We could not

do otherwise and preserve a clear conscience;

we could not without losing our own self-respect;

and feeling that we deserved to lose the re-

spect and confidence of all who are acquainted

with us: Nay, we could not do it, without real-

izing that we were deliberately sinning against

the God who has said—"It is appointed unto men

once to die, and after death the judgment."

For more than twelve months past we have

invariably, on all suitable occasions, declared

our utter inability to support General Taylor—

and we have so often assigned our reasons for

refusing him our support, that it cannot be nec-

essary for us to repeat them now. Nor have we

room in this brief article to do so, even were

such a course called for. Ample opportunity

will be afforded us, however, between this and

favor of securing the privilege to the owners of

slaves to remove with them, and plant the pe-

culiar institution on soil heretofore free.

These are a few of our objections; but we

have many more—which will be given from

time to time, as time and opportunity shall serve.

Keep it before the People.

That the Whig National Convention basely

betrayed the rank and file—the independent,

honest, unprejudiced working men of the great

whig party, into the hands of selfish, aristocratic,

and lording slave-drivers of the South—

whose doctrine is, that the best possible state of

human society is that, in which the capitalists

own both the land and the laborers by whose

hands it is cultivated. This is a doctrine of the

South, held as well by whigs as democrats, and

it is because of Gen. Taylor's known sympathy

with his Southern brethren on this and kindred

questions, that they are so decidedly in his favor

regardless of party distinctions; for, they adopt

the sentiment and language of John C. Calhoun,

as contained in his letter of thanks to the Whig

State Convention of Georgia, which body had

highly complimented him for his advocacy of the

slavery extension doctrine, in his speech in the

United States Senate. Mr. Calhoun, in reply-

ing to that complimentary resolution, and another

(passed by the same Whig Convention) in these

words:

"Resolved, That we are opposed to the Wil-

not Proviso, so called; and that all legislation,

by Congress, restraining the right to hold slave-

property in the territories of the United

States, is unequal, unjust, and unconstitutional."

Mr. Calhoun, we repeat, in his letter of thanks,

held the following emphatic and unequivocal

language:

"We must not be deceived. The time has

come when the question must be met. It can

no longer be avoided, nor, if it could, is it desir-

able. The longer it is postponed the more in-

tervenient and dangerous will become the hostile

feelings between the slaveholding and non-

slaveholding States. With union among ourselves,

we have nothing to fear; without it, everything.

The question is far above the party questions of

the day. He who is not for us is against us."

"With union among ourselves"—yes, that's

the word. Union, not among the whigs, for the

sake of securing the triumph of whig principles

—nor yet among the democrats in order to per-

petuate democratic principles and democratic

rule. No, no! Nothing of all this. But mark

you, this is a letter from John C. Calhoun, the

prince of Nullifiers and of Slavery Propagan-

dists, addressed to a Whig State Convention,

which had endorsed his views most fully on the

slavery extension question—and the "union"

spoken of, is a union of the slaveholders, both

whigs and democrats; for the assumed right to

plant the "peculiar institution" upon the free

soil of the nation.

For this purpose, they have united—and even

South Carolina, with John C. Calhoun at its

head, will be seen casting her vote for the Slave-

holders' candidate, Gen. Zachary Taylor. We

put it to the *freemen* of Indiana—aye to the

freemen of the free North, to say whether they

will bow their necks to the yoke, and tamely

submit.

MISSCELLANEOUS.

THE GIRL WHO WOULD BE MARRIED. Mr.

W.—had by industry and economy accumu-

lated a large property. He was a man of re-

finer superior mind and acquirements, but un-

fortunately became addicted to habits of intem-

perance. Naturally fond of company, and pos-

sessing conversational powers, his society was

much sought, and he eventually became a sot.

His wife was a feeble woman, without much

John—"Anything that I can do for you, Miss

W.—, you may freely command."

Mary—"That is promising more than you may

be willing to perform; but to break the ice at

once, do you want a wife?"

John—"A wife! Well, I don't know; do you

want a husband?"

Mary—"Indeed I do, the worst way. I don't

know but you will think me bold, and deficient

in that modesty that becomes a young

woman, but if you knew my situation, and the

afflictions under which I suffer, I think it would

be some excuse for my course."

John—"I have you thought of all the conse-

quences—my situation—I am poor—you are

rich—I am a stranger and—"

Mary—"Indeed I have, till I am almost crazy.

Let me explain—you and every one else

know the unfortunate situation of my poor father.

His habits are fixed beyond amendment,

and his property is wasting like the dew before

the sun. A set of harpies are drinking his very

heart's blood, and ruin and misery stare us in

the face. We are almost strangers, it is true;

we have met in company a few times, but I have

observed you closely. Your habits, your industry,

and the care and prudence with which you

manage your employer's business has always in-

terested me."

John—"And yet, my dear young lady, what

can you know of me, to warrant you in taking

such an important step?"

Mary—"It is enough for me that I am satis-

fied with your character and habits—your person

and manners. I am a woman and have eyes.

We are about the same age, so if you know me

and like me well enough to take me, there's my

hand."

John—"And, my dear Mary, there's mine,

with all my heart in it. Now, when do you de-

sire it to be settled?"

Mary—"Now, this minute, give me your arm

and we will go to Squire B.—'s and finish

the bargain at once. I don't want to enter our

house of distress again until I have one on whom

I can rely, to control and direct the affairs of

my desolate home, and support me in my

determination to 'turn over a new leaf' in our

domestic affairs."

John—"But not in this old hat and shirt

sleeves."

Mary—"Yes and I in my old sun bonnet and

dirty apron. If you are content let it be done

at once. I hope you will not think I am so

hard pushed for a husband as that comes to, but

I want a master. I am willing to be mistress,

but to be master is more than I am equal to. I

will then take you home and introduce you to

my parents as my own dear husband, signed,

sealed and delivered."

John—"So be it—permit me to say that I

have always admired you from the first minute I

saw you, for your beauty, energy, and industri-

ous and amiable deportment."

Mary—"Now John, if that is sincere, this

is the happiest moment of my life, and I trust our

union will be long and happy. I am the only

one my poor father will hear to; but alas, his

resolutions are like ropes of sand. I can man-

age him on all other subjects; you must take

charge of business and have the sole control;

there will be no difficulty I am confident, of the

result."

They were married and a more happy match

was never consummated. Every thing prospered,

houses and barns were repaired, fences and

gates were regulated, and the extensive fields

smiled and flourished like an Eden. The un-

fortunate father in a few years sunk into the

drunkard's grave. Mary and John raised

a large family; he was for many years a jus-

pressing a wish to see how the thing worked.—

The old man assured him there was no kind of

danger—not the least in the world—for he had

taken great pains to break Ned; and to con-

vince him, started off with Ned on a trial trip.

Ned kicked a little at the start until he got into

swimming water, when he struck off handsomely

into the current, making a circuit of some

300 yards, and brought the boat back to the

starting point in most admirable style.

Finding there was no other way of crossing

the river that day, as the old man was some-

what impregnated with the essence of corn, our

friend with many doubts and fears, finally con-

sented to take a seat, as directed, in the stern

of the boat, and suffer the consequences. Ned

started as before, making a straight shoot for the

opposite side of the river, about a mile distant—

and now a beautiful sight presented itself. Ned

with head and tail up, streaked it along, follow-

ed by the boat, containing the old man in the

bow, with one rein in each hand, and our friend

in the stern, with the bridle of his horse in his

right hand, and the horse just behind, puffing

and blowing like a porpoise. But Ned proved

to be of the right grit, and they arrived safely at

the opposite shore without mishap, Ned drag-

ging the boat by tail force over the little islands

in the swamp on the opposite side, and swim-

ming when the water was deep enough. After

landing and taking a horn with the old man,

our friend led him, looking back occasionally to

see how Ned performed in recrossing; the old

man swearing Ned was the greatest mule in all

creation—that he was worth a thousand dollars

in gold, any man's money—and that he intend-

ed to apply for a patent to his invention of

crossing rivers.

LARGE BELLS.

From an article on Bells and the way in which

they are cast, in the American Cabinet, we ob-

tain the following facts:—

All bells are made of a compound of copper

and tin, and all are cast in moulds. At Messrs.

Mears's foundry, Whitechapel, London, there is

one furnace which will melt ten tons of metal at

